LONDON, March 13, 1857.

The London "cases" and the continental carnival ere already in full activity. Prince albert has held to first levee, on behalf of the Queen, and the fat ex has paraded the streets of Paris. The "nobility and gentry" flood to the English metropolis, while masks gladden the bearts of the Cockneys on the other side of the channel. The working classes are starving in both constries, but the fêtes were never more brilliant in the higher cir cles. Political questions are banished from the mind; there are greater anxieties than the welfare of nations and the progress of mankind. To prepare a suitable toilet for the Rothschild wedding, and to choose a new and dazzling cost ame for an aristocratic bal masqué, are an absorbing topics. Even Louis Napoleon now forgets his dream of a new coup d'état and indulges with his fair par ner in a domino, for the purpose of puzzling the poor Persian Embassador. The young men and diplomatic s dieguise themselves and dance the Lancer's quadrille; while the old gamble in the most scanor has paraded the streets of Paris. The "nobility quadrille; while the old gamble in the most scan-dalous way. Count Walewski the Empress, and Mrs. Demidoff, who is called at court the Princess thilde, vie with each other in masquerace But, truly, most of the guests are rather dis when they have no mask before their faces. when they have no mask before their faces. Dan-eing is the order of the day, and so this corrupt French society goes on as if it were collected raily. In 1830, a few days before the outbreak of the revolution, there was also a splendid ball at the Palais Royal, when the late Count sal-andy said to King Charles X.: "Sire, we are dancing over a volcano." The eruption took place, indeed, and buried the monarchy under the lava of popular anger. Shall we pity or envy the men who, to use Minubeau's words, are bold enough to sleep at the foot of Vesuvins?

Min abeau's words, are boid chough to sleep at the fact of Vesuvius?

The legitimists of the faubourg Saint Germain frequent only select aristocratic parties, where no one is admitted unless he professes to be a fervent revalist. But, alas! discord has broken into the eamp of Agramant, and the great politicians, who dreamt so fondly of a reconciliation between the Bourbons and Orleanists, are discouraged and disconsisted; the fusion scheme is again set at Beuroens and Orleanists, are discouraged and disappointed; the fusion scheme is again set at naught. The Count de Chambord presends that he is not a persor, but a principle, the high principle of legitimacy. Now, if we take into consideration that the poor Prince actually limps with one foot, are we not entitled to say that legitimacy is a lame principle?

lame principle?

However that may be, the society in the faubourg Saint Germain is certainly better than that which frequents the Tuileries. The Imperial Court is, indeed, a meeting of embroidered slaves and official atochjebbers, and if it were not for a few respectively. stocklobbers, and if it were not for a few respectable foreigners who are introduced by their respective embassadors, one would have good reason to shun these parties. The wise De Thou relates, in his interesting memoirs, that having been asked by Schomberg why he did not stay longer with the Duke de Guise, he frankly confessed that he left him because he saw him surrounded by ruined men and blemished characters. Schomberg reported this conversation to Guise, who replied: "What shall I do? I never the succeeded in winning the friendship of honest "succeeded in winning the friendship of honest
persons; I want friends, and I take what I am
able to find." The present Government of
France seems to act precisely on the same prin-

The case is different in English society; for, The case is different in English society; for, whatever may be said against it, we must adm t that it is at least irreproachable in bearing and appearance. The political dinner and evening parties have again begin in London, Lady Palmerston has announced Saturdays for her assemblies, where she spreads the nets destined to entangle the Parliamentary adversaries of her Lord. The Mentor of the House of Commons, the incorrectible Archer of the House of Commons, the incorruptible Arthur Roebuck, asserts that no British Ulysses, much less Reebuck, asserts that no British Ulysses, much less Telemachus, is able to resist the captivating smile of this diplomatic Calypso. At No. 144 Piccadilly, many an English roaring lion has been changed into a sucking dove; many a fierce politician, whom his constituents sent out to curse the Government, is enticed to bless it three times, as the prophet did the Israelites. Innumerable is the multitude of givic oaths sacrificed on the altar of which Lady raince as a continue to the altar of which Lady Palmerston is the graceful priestess. We could, among others, tell the story of the atern editor of a radical paper, which daily devoted the Premier to all infernal deities. To his amazement the British Gracehus was invited to an "intimate" party at Cambridge Houre. He was seated at the side of the engaging Viscountess at table, and after dinner he won at a lottery a pair of slippers which Calypso confessed she had embroidered with her own noble hands. Inexperienced Telemachus, who looked at first as demure as if butter would not melt in his mouth, was an easy prey fadeed, and is now a most useful servant, the more so, because he keeps up a pretense of independence. Without his good genius, Lord Palmerston would already be recorded among the pelitical relies of Great Britain. orded among the political relies of Great Britain. To her Ladyship he realty owes his lasting success;

To her Ladyship he realty owes his lasting success; but—hony soit qui mal y pense.

The Society for the Removal of Taxes on Knowledge has commenced the series of political meetings of the "season," by celebrating its sixth anniversary. The stamp duty on newspapers and the advertisement duty have already been removed; there still remains the odious paper tax, and we sincerely hope that the efforts of the reformers may prove effective. We must, however, ac-knowledge that the Society is pitifully deficient in orators, if we except the Right Honorable member for Manchester, Milner Gibson, who, though he utters but commonplaces, at least does it in an in-telligible manner. We are sorry that we cannot telligible manner. We are sorry that we cannot say as much of Sir Joseph Paxton, one of the ornaments of Britain, who was the chairman of the meeting. Sir Joseph was a successful gardener, but the flowers of his eloquence are utterly colorless and tasteless; he was a still more successful builder, but does not even snapect how a speech should be constructed; he is also now a successful financier, but does not how how to group numbers. He reminded are ferables of the ald a property concerning the us forcibly of the old proverb concerning the Jack-of-all-trades and master of none; and his ha rangue may be fairly summed up by saying that it consisted in stammering. Another M. P. Mr. H. Ingram, the proprietor of The Illustrated London News, also did not do much toward redeeming the rhetorical reputation of the House of Commons. His yellow trowers, flowered waistcost and blue freely trowers, twisted with the contract the contract that the contract that the contract the contract that the contr freek coat, united with his satiric physiognomy, presented a strange appearance indeed. His speech was one continuous gesticulation, he is, in fact, as profuse in gestures as if he had been accus-tomed during his whole life to stand for formed during his whole life to stand for a two-armed telegraph. It is certainly a curious feet that the worst speakers of the evening were the Members of Parliament; at all events, it does not speak much in favor of the judgment of the English people. There were present several doctors, who carried the day by their rather incisive eloquence. Among the sentiments which were received with the names: favor by the public, although the reporter of The Times newspaper took great care not to notice it, was the following: "The British Govern ment are the greatest hars in the world."

Another lion of the season, in a somewhat differ-

ent direction, is the diorams of the Coronation at Moscow, exhibited at the Leicester square "Globe." Mr. Wylde has the good taste to announce his entertainment by half-a-dozen workhouse fellows, who parade the streets clad in Russian uniforms, and carrying immense advertisement-boards on their backs. He is perhaps a proud patriot, who has recourse to these ingenious means of taking reverge for the Redau disgrace. But, after all, the London advertising mountebanks respect nothing; and we remember a thorough business man of Great Marviebone street, who, last year, on the night of Marylebone street, who, last year, on the night of the peace illumination, put up a transparency with the shining words: "May the disturbers of peace "be destroyed by us, Tilfin & Sons, bug-destroy-"ers of the Royal Family." The passers-by were greatly startled by the inscription, especially as no one had been aware before that the Royal Family stood in need of a functionary of that kind.

stood in need of a functionary of that kind.

The disposition which we are criticising here is by no means confined to England; for we have to record a French advertisement, which, though inferior to the British in wit and refined delicacy, is impudent enough in its way. There lives in the city of Agen a Gascon poet, a barber, bearing the suitable name of Jasmin, who is the harmonious author of some very good songs written in his provincial dialect. He is the beast of his countrymen, who sent him even to

the Constituent Assembly of 1848, and be bee moreover received the ground the Legion of Homor. The good Agencie will be indebted to the Jasmin family in more than one sense, if we are to behave the following advertisement, published by M. Jasmin, jr., who is a merchant of champague wice: "The "sparkling foam sold by the son is as genial as the warm and poetical inspirations of the father; and "the come isseurs of our country are very fortunate "indeed. Poetry does not penetrate every heart, but champague enjoys the privilege of rising in "every head. The son will certainly meet with a "general and well-deserved success." The MM. Jasmin are indeed the children of the Garonne, on whose boasting qualities are founded so many amuswhose boasting qualities are founded so many amus-

whose boasting qualities are founded so many amusing tales and Jonances.

To quote another instance of what an enterprising mind is capable of resorting to: Many tickets, announcing that apartments are to let in a house, hear the it scription: "For Bachelors." Hi herto, I have included the belief that housekeepers objected to what the Londoners so unamiably call "incumbrances"—that is to say, little children; but there is a deeper speculation in the scheme of which I would never have dreamed. A young man having leads found in a fashionable quarter of Paris a would never have dreamed. A young man having lately found in a fashionable quarter of Paris a bandsome suite of rooms, the rent and situation of which suited his wants and taste, told the portier, who was his ciceroue, that he intended to hire them. The latter asked whether the gentleman was a bachelor; he replied that he was married, but without "incumbrance" of any kind, meaning not babies merely, but dogs, cats and parrots. "I am "very sorry," said the honest servant, "but that "will not do; we want none but bachelors; for you "see the landlord has three daughters who are not Well may we say, with the poet, to married lodgers:

"Français ce trait s'appelle un avis aux lecteurs." Two lawsuits are attracting at present much attention at Paris. The one is for the restitution of a million of france claimed by Madame de Guerry from the ladies of Piepus, whose croporate name is "Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and of the Perpetual Adoration of the Poly Sacras." "ment of the Perpetual Adoration of the Holy Sacra"ment of the Altar." Monseigneur Bonnamie, Bishop in partibus of Chalcedon, and Superior-General
of Piepus, having introduced sundry changes in the
rules of the sistenhood, several nuns left it, and now
demand back their gifts. One of them, Madame
Guerry, has alone given 1,200,000 f. Judge, after
that, of the wealth of the order. The second trial is that, of the wealth of the order. The second trial is a prosecution sgainst the company of the "Napo"leon Docks" for swindling and foul dealing. There are five persons accused: two bankers, two landholders, and the son of Berryer, the eloquent legitimist barrister, who is undoubtedly the greatest 
French parliamentary orator of modern times. The 
honor of the financial world is sadly soiled, and

will soon vanish altogether.

The paradoxical Henry Heine once said that the poor in spirit, of whom the Gospel speaks, are those who are rich in money. We do not venture to pretend that the assertion is true, but it is, alas! too common that the rich in spirit are poor in money.

Of all luxuries, wit is the most useless for worldly
purposes. It gives offense to all men. Nobody
pardons it, neither those who possess nor those who
are deprived of that heavenly gift; the former are are deprived of that heavenly gift; the former are angry on account of the competition, the others resent their humiliation. Wit is an unlucky expense, indeed; it is a capital laid out without interest and will fever be repaid. All honor, then, to the wise men who keep prudently their wit and their money for themselves, and spend only, as the Germans say, what is required for the household!

What is required for the household?

How is it that literary men, who have at all times and epochs assiduously frequented the financial diner tables, have never failed to hurl their sharpest arrows against the heads or the money-bags, which are in fact one and the same thing, of milionaires. From Lesage's Turcaret down to Alexandre Dumas's Money Question, bankers and stockjobbers have formed a favorite subject for comedy and ridicule. Whatever the cause may be, eitner Heine's definition or vulgar envy, the fact is certain; and so it is not to be wondered at, if the splendid entertainments of a few successful French speculators are preductive of anything but the worship of the "almighty dellar." There was never a greater number of scandalous and abusive anecdotes in circulation than since the magnificent fête which M. Midaud has given to the leaders of French literature. Champagne and truffics appear to have merely opened the eyes of the few who were hitherto blind to the detects and follies of the financial world. As I have not taken my share of the treat—unless in the sense which induced Hauff to say of a connoisseur in reduced circumstances who, while eating his frugal dinner, excited his imagination to the highest pitch by perusing one of the Lucullus descriptions, which abound in the romances of Clauren, that "he dined at Clauren's"—I cannot be charged with having an ungrateful stomach, if I relate some characteristic banker-sentiments.

The millionaires of the old school do not despise How is it that literary men, who have at all times

the milnohares of the out action and not despise the smallest profit, even when they bear an aristo-cratic name stamped by a baronial title. A young man, of good family but meager income, recently paid a morning visit to the honorable gentleman to whom we are alluding. While discoursing on rail-way shares and the 41 per cents, which form now-away shares and the 44 per cents, which form now-adays the ordinary topic of conversation in European society, where many a rosy lip is disfigured by an expert appreciation of compols and currency, the young dandy played with a half-sovereign, the only one which he had for the moment in his possession. He took it in-advertently out of his waistcoat pecket allowed it to glitter between his fingers, and put it in the to glitter between his fingers, and put it in the pocket of his trowsers. But, as he was unluckily much addicted to the habit in which M. Thiers lised to indulge on the parliamentary rostrum, namely, to put his hands into his pockets, the latter presented what the French law calls a "continu-ance of cobesion." through which the precious coin found its way to the carpet. The conference came to an end, and our bair-brained speculator left the to an end, and our hair-brained speculator left the eminent capitalist without being aware of his loss. When he perceived it, he was thunderstruck; he thought it shabby to return and inquire after such a trifle; but, it being his last coin, he had no choice, and was obliged to swallow the bitter pill. He went, therefore, back, and asked the worthy millionaire whether he had not seen a half sovereign on the carpet near the chimney. "Oh! yes," replied the capitalist graciously; "but as "the same mischance happened to me two days "ago, at the same place, I think it belongs to me; "the servant will look for yours." The poor fellow ran away, and is still running. He was the only one who blushed.

This recalls to my mind an anecdote which was

This recalls to my mind an anecdote which was told a few years ago in every circle. A wealthy merchant, who returned late at night on foot from a confortable dinner-party, fell by accident into the water. A street porter, who heard him struggling, ran to his aid, saved him at the risk of his life from ran to his aid, saved him at the risk of his life from a watery grave, and took him home. The banker's butler opened the door, and the grateful
master exclaimed: "This honest fellow has saved
my life; give him sixpence." "That is more than
I oeserve," replied the porter; "when I carry a
parcel I ask a shilling, but when I carry a banker,
it is nothing." We will not hazard the remark
that every man is the best judge of how much his
life is worth; we look at it in another light, for, as
Rather, lander Dandin observed, it is thus, that

Racine's Judge Dandin observed, it is thus that 'good houses' are made up.

Not every hing which glitters is gold; this adage Not every hing which glitters is gold; this adage is as true morally as it is physically. Under the monarchy of Louis Philippe, a thief broke into the wardroba of the House of Peers and, like a true man of business, stole the embroidered mantle of the richest Lord in the kingdom, Count Roy, a former Minister of Finance. Alas! the embroidery was of pinchbeck lock, and the robber got two years' imprisonment for nothing. Let us draw the curtain over these splendid miseries, for many a white nick is adorned with paste diamond now-a-days.

The English are fond of complaining that they

The English are fond of complaining that they are not understood on the continent; and, on the other hand, the French and Germans pretend that the Britons are utterly ignorant of continental affairs. There is, it deed, much truth on both sides; and the Channel constitutes a higher and stronger barrier than a Chinese wall. The electric telegraph, steamboats and excursion trains are of little avail; inveterate prejudice is a steel armor through which the arrows of enlightment are unable to pierce, and Calais and Dover are separated by a world of ideas. There is, however, a nation more entitled than England to complain of being misunderstood and undervalued—and that nation is Russia. Not only during the war, when the spirit of nationality—which forms the only political prin-

ciple of Great Britain—was roused, but even sow, in the hour of peace, when the British "herees" and "hions" are resting upon their problemasic laurels, you may hear of Russian "barbarians" and Muscovite "savages." It is not for me to defend the policy of Russia, nor have I the least in clination to attempt it—though it seems foolishencugh to underrate a power against which the two greatest empires in Europe have risen in arms. But it is quite as unjust to indulge the besief that the Russians are thorough "barbarians," in the literary sense of the word. And yet this is a common idea, in spite of the efforts of gooerous refugees, and in spite of the reviews published by the Nord. Although more translations and intations than original works appear in Russia, that country already possesses a literature which will from day to day become more valuable and interesting.

I have, in a former letter, spoken of the scien tific and economical Russian reviews; but what reader of English periodicals is aware that there exist also five successful literary magazines at St. Petersburg! There is the Russian Messen-

there exist also five successful interary magazines at St. Petersburg? There is the Russian Messenger, with more than 3,000 subscribers; there is the Russian Gossip, founded in 1856, and the fourth volume of which contains several remarkable articles; there is the Cotemporary, edited by Towriguenef, Dahl and others; there is the Annals of the Fatherland, in which a recent article informs us that the illustrious Gogol has committed the most horrible of suicides, dying voluntarily of hunger; last, but not least, there is the Library of Reading, in which appeared lately a most excellent translation in verse of King Lear.

In books, I may mention the poems of Nekrassof, Cgaref and Fet, a collection of charming novels by M. Towriguenef, a history of the Tzarevna Sophia, the sister of Peter the Great, by Stephebalskii, &c. The three first volumes of Oustrialof's History of Peter I. will be published shortly. In translatiors, we have to record Gherbel's collection of Schiller's Poems; Sophocles's Antigone, rendered faithfully and successfully by Vodovozof; and finally, the Odes of Horace, translated by Fet, who does not even know Latin, but has used other translations in prose for his own in verse, and, strange to say, his work is as correct as if be had drawn from the original fount. Even satire and criticism are not found wanting. Stefanof has published the first number of an album under the title, "Our Acquaintances," containing witty and sarcastic caricatures. The one which attracted most notice represents a stout merchant, diaguised as a cask, holding in his hand an angling-line, with a brandycatures. The one which attracted most notice represents a stout merchant, disguised as a cask, holding in his hand an angling-line, with a brandy-bottle as a bait, and exclaiming, "I like the Rus"sian people, because it likes my bait." The Russians, in fact, do not shrink from ridiculing their own vices, and a people which has, in the course of a single year, produced these volumes, of which I can give you but a very imperfect and incomplete sketch, is certainly far from deserving the sneers which the learned and metaphysical Germars, the light-minded and lively French, and the proud and self-conceited English are accustomed the proud and self-conceited English are accustomed to lavish on it. Though these specimens may be what Virgil calls levium spectands rerum—"trifles set out to show"—they are also not of that sort which

"Show us what are bad by what they write."

A worthy follower of Gogol, M. Stehedrine, is publishing, under the title, "Provincial Sketches," remarkable traits illustrating Russian manners, in the Russian Novelist, a Moscow review. He attacks beldly the abuses of Muscovite administration and corruption, and rails at the vices and rascality of the efficials, with a sarcasm and a hearty kindress toward the oppressed worthy of a Dickens. Thacheray could not with a sharper pen delineate the author's imaginary characters and prototypes. Russian Art (for in Art also the Muscovites are by no means thorough "barbarians") has lost one of its most celebrated ornaments in M. Michael de Ginka, director of the musical chapel of the Czar, of the Grand Opera and the religious choir of the Court. He had proceeded to Berlin, in order to complete his musical studies, and died there a few days ago. He is the first Russian composer who has written an opera. Among the lyrical productions which he has given to the national stage, is the Life of the Czar, an opera in five acts, which still forms part of the repertory. He was composing a Russian mass, but death suddenly interrupted his work, which remains unfinished. It is to be hoped, however, that Glinka may soon find a worth.

hoped, however, that Glinka may soon find a worthy successor, for, as a true cosmopolitan, I wish success to every nation in the accomplishments of

success to every nation in the accompanion civilization.

The Journal de Constantinople has lately published a letter on archeological discoveries made by the French Consul at Mosul, M. Place. There is great interest in the lines relating to the ruins of the tower of Babel. Two stories only remain out of eight, but still the fragments furnish a grand of eight, but still the fragments furnish a grand of eight, on the seen for several miles. The of eight, but still the fragments furnish a grand ruin, and are to be seen for several miles. The base is formed by a square of nearly two hundred yards. The tiles with which the building is constructed are almost white, and covered with inscriptions. In the neighborhood is a copious bitumen spring. Under the ruins were discovered a quantity of jewels, diamonds and coins, and M. Place has taken several highly interesting photographic views of the scenery. Place has taken several lightly interesting photographic views of the scenery. I am rather late with this piece of intelligence, but it may have passed ununoticed in the United States, and as America is richer than any other country in books concerning the geography and ethnography of Scripture, I thought it my duty to mention it.

Scripture, I thought it my duty to mention it.

Singers and actresses form, as usual, the all-encrosching topic of conversation in Germany. Thus
we learn by a Hungarian newspaper that the great
Italian tragedian, Ristori, has been called out by
the enthusiastic public of Pesth 130 times during six representations. These are at least the numbers given by the Hölgyftar, in answer to a cotemporary. On the other hand, kenora. Pepita, the engaging Spanish dancer, has danced 140 times in the Berlin theaters—exercise which brought her the round sum of 18,086 thalers. Sra. Pepita is, howround sum of 18,086 thalers. Sra. Pepita is, however, a wenderful linguist. A few days ago she played, at Prague, the Picarde in French and German, and thanked the applauding public in the true Behemian dialect. Taking her mother tongue into account, she speaks four languages. We venture, however, to suggest a fifth, in which she is still more proficient, namely, the language of the eye.

Agnes Schebest, formerly well known as one of the most beautiful personifications of Bellini's Juliet, and as the wife of Dr. Strauss, the author of the "Life of Jesus," is living apart from her husband at Stuttgart in poor circumstances, and publishing

If Kotzebue were still alive, he would add two remarkable instances to his amusing satire against German title-mania in his "Kleinstaedter." A German title-mania in his "Kleinstaedter." A teacher, who has been dismissed in consequence of an election incident, has sued a landrath who directed an efficial letter to him in this way: "To M. "Wander, late teacher;" pretending that though no longer a schoolmaster he was still a teacher—this title and dignity being inherent in him, since he was educated to be a professor. The court admitted his claim. At Brunswick the Burgomaster has been sentenced to a fine for having spoken of an attorney's brief as a "clout." O, worthy inhabitants of Krachcinkel!

As a bit of news for the fair sex, I have to notice As a bit of news for the lair sex, I have to notice a report asserting that the ladies of England intend to erect a statue to the Lord Chancellor, as a token of gratitude for his endesvers to reform the mar-riage law. We trust this time the ladies will think of something better than the Achilles which they sained in honor of the Duke of Wellington in C. of something better than the Achilles which they raised in honor of the Duke of Wellington in Hyde Park. How could, in fact, the blooming misses of Great Britain patiently endure the impertinent denomination of spinsters gives them by law? Alas! when Francis Bracton said of women that they were "under the rod," and Blackstone thought it lawful for a husband to beat his wife with a case as thick as his thumb, they seemed to foresee what is actually goir of a mong the lower classes of London. The emancipation of women is, therefore, a quastion

goir on among the lower classes of London. The emancipation of women is, therefore, a question which calls for a speedy solution. Why is it that so many new rail at it? The answer is perhaps the same which a fashionable lady made to an acquaintance who asked why the lords of creation were opposed to the crinoline apparatus? "Because they do not want women to take up any more room in the world than they have done hitherto."

There is a slave in Memphis who is said to pe an cetate worth \$50,000. This segre belongs to his wife, a free colored woman, in whose name the properPUBLIC MEETINGS.

REPUBLICAN CESTRAL COMMITTEE. The Republican Central Committee held a special setting last evening at the Stayvesent In-titute, par A KANNEDY Chairman of the Committee, presided The report of the Special Committee on resolutions in regard to the decision of the Supreme Court in the Drea Scott case was then taken up, and the following

The Committee on Streets of the Board of Coun cilmen met yesterday afternoon in the Council Chamber, City Hall, for the purpose of hearing the remarks

climen met yesterday afternoon in the Council Chamber, City Hall, for the purpose of hearing the remarks of persons in favor of or opposed to the projected widening of Pearl street from Frankiin square to the Battery—Councilman Boole, Chairman.

Mr. P. L. Bills presented a remonstrance, numerously eigned by property holders and tenants on Pearl street. The remonstrants believe that much property would be destroyed and little or no advantage to the city realized. They believe the said street is of sufficient width for the business, as there are other streets parallel with Pearl street and only at a short distance, say from 150 to 250 feet from said street, showing that a very large portion of the property is now taken up for street purposes; and they believe that should more be taken to widen Pearl street, that the property fronting on said street would be nearly cestroged in many places and greatly highred throughout the street. The remonstrants set forth that the property is now well tenanted at dof great value, from which large takes are collected for city revenue, and that not only would a large number of our best merchants be jected from the street by the reduction in see of their premises but that our city would lose a large revenue that is now collected by taxes on said property. They respectfully state that we do not think our city demands any further accommodation by railroad below Franklin equare and P-ck-slip as the depot or termination there is more conveniently made than at any other point nearer the Battery

road below Franklin equare and Peck-slip as the depot or termination there is more conveniently made than at any other print nearer the Battery

Mr. Hills stated that there had been no effort made to collect the names signed to the remonstrance. The gentlemen present had come there without solicitation A competent gentleman had intimated that the cost of widening Pearl street would be from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000. This expense would be entirely out of propertion to any advantage that would result. The alteration would do an irreparable injury to private property. He considered the street to be amply wide enough for all business purposes at present. In his opi, it is, the whole project was prepose crous.

Mr. John Haggert remarked that two hundred and ten buildings would be destroyed by the change. He had counted them. A great many tensats would leave the street forever rather than be subjected to the inconvenience of the proposed widening. Pearl street was wide exough for the present business. Property had depreciated in Pearl street abut one half within the last few years, because persons who wished to do their business in palatial stores p eferred a location on Broadway. He alluced to the fast that he had been assessed largely for improvemen's in other strests with out deriving a compensatory amount from the increase of its vaine. He exhibited a list of assessments amounting to \$130,000, below Franklis equars, for the improvement of streets, without conferring a benefit on the property along the line of these streets.

Ex.Ald. Chauncax remarked that is most instances when assersments had been made for the improvement of streets, so far as he had nothiced, the vaine of property bad not been increased. He alluded to the opening of Weet Broadway s.me. yea.s. ego, which it was proposed to make a rival of Broadway. This project every body knew had been a failure. The streets of this city are how wiveer than any in the country, with the exception perhaps of Philadelphia. The largest kind of business is transacted

he street.

No response was made to the call for remarks from these in favor of the project.

The Committee adjourned till part Wednesday.

COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION. The Beard met at the office in Worth street, yester day afternoon—the chair buing failed by Mr. Cuaris in the absence of the Hon. Guitan C Verplanck.

Mr. Kanady informed the Board that so immigranhad been accidentally shot by another passenger, a The following is the Weekly Statement:

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Overstraft.

DEATH OF WILLIAM COLGATE, ESQ.

William Colgate died yesterday morning at his residence in East Twenty-third street, at the advanced age of seventy-four years. For half a century part he has been a successful merchant in the City of New-York, and one of its most esteemed citizens. He was born in England, Jan. 25, 1783, in the parish of Hollingbourn, Cousty of Kent, about five miles distant from the old and flourishing town of Maidstone. His parents were not weathy; yet they hved in compara-tive comfort, were hind-hearted, social and generous, and possessed the respect and affection of a large circle of personal friends. The maiden name of his mother was Sarah Bowles. His father, Robert Colgate, commenced hie as an English farmer. In his boyhood, William Pitt was his intimate friend and playfellow. The attachment then formed proved valuable to Mr. Colgate in a very important crie of his after life.

William's father took great interest in politics. Dur-

ing the War of the Revolution his sympathies were strongly enlisted in the American cause, and he eagerly we tched the progress of the conflict. Every day he placed before him, upon the table, a map of the colonies followed the march of the troops, anticipated the in portant poets where battles would probably be fought, and, striking his band upon the map, would often say. "I hope the Americans will whip them out there!" When he heard that the colonists had sucfered a defeat, he marked the spot by piercing a hole through the map with the time of his fork; but when they gained a victory, his joy knew no bounds. The fork did double duty, and two holes would mark the place of triumph. His political views were of too republican a stamp for the England of that day. His name headed a list of seven persons who were to be summarily dealt with, unless the tone of their pultical sentiments should greatly moderate. Willism Pitt now showed the sincerity of his early attachment by informing Robert of his darger. He also sesured him that, if he chose to emigrare to America, where the institutions were more congenial to his views, he should be permittled freely to leave the country. Mr. Colgate promptly arranged for his departure, and disposed of his property, and, in March, 1795, sailed for the new world in the ship Eliza, aniving in Baltimore after a passage of 70 days. In England, though politically observious, Whilam's father was universally beloved. He was the poor man's friend, and as he rode away from his home, the streets were lized with people, who came out to bless him.

friend, and as he rode away from his home, the streets were lined with people, who came out to bless him, weeping at his departure. The scene to him wesover powering, so that he diew his cap down over his eyes, and put spurs to his ho se that he might avoid the adicus of a people whose tears of gratitude and sympathy served but to increase his own sorrow.

Three of the six suspected persons who remained in England were subsequently cast into prison for their continued advocacy of reform. But it should be mentioned as a testimony to the wisdom and political forecast of William's father, that many of the views which rendered him so obnoxicus to the English Government were subsequently approved. Though they cost him his country, and gave three of his associates a felon's doc m they were ultimately acknowledged by the Government, and were the crowning glory of the Reform bill which was passed by Parliament, and in 1832 received the royal impress of the British crown.

Arriving in Baltimore, William's father purchased a farm in Hart'ord country, Maryland, which he cultivated for two years. During this period William went to one of the best schools of that day. This, with his acquire ments in England was all the education the schools ever vouchasied to him; and at the early age of 15 he outered upon the work of an earnest life. When 17 years of age he commenced in a very humble way, the scap and cande business in Baltimore.

In 1804, William Colgate, at the age of 21, left his father's boase and came, a comparative stranger, to the City of New-York. He had scarcely a cent that he could call his own. His purpose, however, was fixed; and in its pursuit, he entered the counting room of John Slide'l & Co., then the largest tallow shandlers in he city lected at No. 50 Broadway. It was early in the morning, and, addressing the proprietor, he arked for a situation. These was no vacancy in the establishment, but Mr. Slidell, struck with the open,

in the city is coted at No. 30 Broadway. It was early
in the morning, and, addressing the proprietor, he
asked for a situation. These was no vacancy in the
establishment, but Mr. Slidell, struck with the open,
houset face of the applicant, offered to receive him
into the office as a clerk's assistant. William respectfully thenked him for his kind proposal, but declined

folly thenked him for his kind proposal, but declined accepting it, saying, 'I desire, Sir, to learn the businers. I wish to work—to earn a living for myself. "any one can assist a clerk, but I desire to know now "to wesk." Mr Byselel was so much pleased with his frat kness that he finelly called the foreman of the factory, and said to him, "Give the young man work, "Show him every-hing about the business that he wished, and in a very short time he accomplished his purpose. He was soon transferred from the manufacturing to the sales department: and at the end of three years, when the firm ciscolved, Mr. Colgate was its principal business manager.

At the age of 23, in the year 1806, Mr. Colgate commenced the soap and candle business for himself to Dutch street, on the site of his present extensive warehouse. It is a little remarkable, that in this city of changes, he has for firty-one years continued a most propercos business, in the same street, and on the same ground.

At the age of 29, William Colgate considered himself worth about \$5,000. His subsequent career was one of minterrupted presperity. It the time of the war of 1812-1815, his establishment bad the almost undisputed centrol of the market, and the rise in the value of stack on his hands materially advanced his pocuniary interests. About this period the manufacture of starch was introduced, and his brother-in isw, Mr. John Gilbert was associated with the arm in this department of their business. For many years it was the leading starth establishment in America. Mr. Colga e has acquired a large fortures, which, with the acrample of a life of great benevoleace, is lett as a legacy to his family, and an exemple of goodness to the world.

Until he was carfined to his house, near the clove of Janany, Mr. Colgate was as devoted to business purpuses. "When he were for the sum of the s

noble charity of ms may, be seeing the sealy regions associations, and its construction of the extensionation of the Scriptures which led him to a severace of his early regions associations, and its discovered to the season of the English Bitle, for the benefit of the marce, and of the wide cises ministion among the people. He took part in the formation of the first Biole Society ever organized in the City of Nee York. In 1816, he asset the int the formation of the american Bible Society ever and the control of the season of the Bible the standard of translation in foreign languages, he unifed with the late Doctor Cono. Doctor Macisy and others, in a protest against the rule, and when the Society appropriations over which the late of the season of

voted to the study of the Scriptures, and few were more familiar than himself with its precepts, its promates and spirit. Nearly twenty years ago we remember him as he stood in the midst of his class, composed of sixty or seventy young ladies, unfolding to them the tressures of revealed truth.

In his church connections, Mr. Colgste was always happy. He removed his membership from the First Church in 1811, and so be quently joined the Oliverstreet Church. In 1838 he naited with the Tabernacle, along in its formation, and continuing in its examination till the time of his death. He was always singularly averse to the adoption of treeds. He has often soid that he believed they had done mere to divide them to unite Christians, and if they were all dee royed the world would be the better for it. In the organization of the Tabernacle his views prevailed. No creed was adopted, the simplest form of a covenant being agreed upon, referring all questions of doctrine or duy directly to the New Testament itself. The sufficiency of the New Testament as a creed was a theme on which he often dwelt with irre-istible eliqueoce.

The disease which ter ainsted his ife manifested its symptoms about two years since. Andelpating the result, Mr. Colgste had brought all his business relations to a class, and resigned his position of official pecunisry trust. Near the ciose of January the disease assumed a violent form. Its attendant pale was effent indiscribable. A surgical operation afford temperary relief, but all the skill of his physicians was unavailing. For weeks he has been a pattent sufferer; yet in all the paroxyens of his agony he retained his consciousness, and during the intervals of relief he was cheerful, social and happy.

A good man has passed away from among us to the

and during the intervals of react of manning us to the and happy.

A good man has passed away from among us to the possession of those joys that were so bright in prospect before him. A live to full of goodness in all its business and social relations, so generous in its impulses for the elevation of men and so zealous in its religious exactices, should secure a fuller and a more permanent record than we could here give among the manning of the interval.

THE FOREBODINGS OF A WIFE AFTERWARD MUR-DIRED -The Portland Advertiser contains a letter from Mary Knight, of Portland, Me., written thirty eight days before she was murdered by her husband, and deposited with Mrs Hannah Rice. I was to be opened by her daughter in case of her death. In this letter she says:

opened by her daughter in case of her death. In this letter she says:

"I believe my husband wants to kill me. He has given me poison once since I have been sich, and cas attempt with a rezer. He came home last night, ish is book out doors, went (up) the beek stains and down the first into the sittinger om I heard him in the dark and tall him the cand's was in my room on the stand. He nade me no answer I spoke again. He came into the bed-room and said he did not want any, took his ciothes off, and got into bed. This was simble the evening. At tweve he with me up up antiting my bed-room door I aprang up and fit a light, and be got into bed. I saw it out out one case in the sitting-room. He got up before it was light, and went out doors, and came back to bid and got up in the morning and went out. When he came in he put it on thabelf in the recreatry, and want out on his put is on the same to be and eaw it. He said be trok it out mat night, and had not time to shave, and put it in his pocket out of the case. I saw a bill of sait and fish he bought is Portland, cated July I on Commercial wharf. I think one name was Dana, eighteen and fifty-sir. He did not let me know the neahing till be gave me a dose ome merning. I vomitee it up froth and foam."

MOTTO FOR STAGE DRIVERS .- To be found some where in the classics: "Jam forte in omnibus.